

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## HOW A SHIP SAVED A CROWD

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Two

### 100 SWIMMERS IN A RACE

#### THE YOUNGEST WINS

Canadian Boy's Gallant Victory  
for Five Thousand Pounds

#### HIS INSPIRATION

America has had her Channel swim, and a remarkable struggle it has proved.

The strait crossed was the San Pedro Channel between Santa Catalina Island and the mainland of California, near Los Angeles, and the distance was 22 miles against the 21 miles of the Strait of Dover. But, instead of everybody making the attempt when it suited him, all the competitors started together, competing for a prize of £5000.

Over a hundred people, 89 men and 13 women, took part in the great race, but all but 15 gave up before they were half-way across, among them two men who had succeeded in swimming the English Channel. Two of the women persevered to within sight of their goal, and they were awarded consolation prizes of £500 each. At last every swimmer except one had become exhausted, and had been taken on to the hospital ship and put to bed.

#### Swimming Nearly 16 Hours

The race had started a little before noon, and it was after three next morning that a solitary swimmer landed in triumph after a swim of 15 hours and 45 minutes. This was George Young, and he was well named, for he was the youngest of all the competitors, being only 17. The oldest was 66.

Young belongs to Toronto, so that a Briton has done in America what no American has yet been able to do, which is some consolation to us for seeing two American women swim the English Channel, a feat no Englishwoman has yet accomplished.

Young had already won many championships in Canada, but he had no money and arrived penniless in Chicago. Now he has £5000, and expects to make three times that with the cinema, and he is a truly happy youth. "I had to win," he said, "for Mother needed the money." His mother is an invalid, and the thought of her need was his inspiration, and it led him on to victory.

#### All Obstacles Overcome

His first difficulty was to know how to get from Toronto to Los Angeles, over 2400 miles as the crow flies, with no money to pay for the railway journey. Young's mother and a friend together scraped up enough money to buy a second-hand motor-cycle and side-car, and on this Young and another boy started off. But by the time they had reached Chicago they had no money left for food or petrol.

In their extremity they called on Mr. Wrigley, the promoter of the swim, and he lent them £12. All again went well till they reached Oklahoma, and there they lost their motor-cycle! There

### What is Going to Happen?



One in every five human beings on the Earth is in China.  
What is going to happen to this vast country?

was nothing for it but to walk, and walk they did, over 1200 miles except for a couple of rides they picked up. When they reached their journey's end they had two shillings in their pockets.

At Los Angeles they looked up an old Toronto friend, Dr. O'Byrne, and he it was who trained George Young for the race. When Young went into the water he was made of nothing but muscles of steel, and weighed about 12 stones; when he came out he weighed five pounds less! He found the water intensely cold, but his swims in Lake Ontario since he was eight years old had accustomed him to that. He used the steady crawl stroke throughout the swim, except when twice he had terrible attacks of cramp in his legs and turned on his back and kicked for dear life. His only other trouble was a mass of slimy seaweed encountered half a mile from his goal, which he battled with for an hour.

The entry of this boy of 17 for a task in which the strongest men had always failed was regarded as a very good joke by the adult competitors, but, in the

words of one who saw the great swim, "he kept going, going, and in an incredibly short time he was across. It was a magnificent exhibition of pluck, and the name of George Young should go down, not only in the annals of swimming, but in the annals of romantic youth."

#### THE INVISIBLE WITNESS

An invisible witness came to the rescue of a French motor-car driver who had run down a man in a lonely suburb of Paris.

The man was killed, and though there was no witness forthcoming the police held that the driver must be responsible. The driver maintained that the man was drunk and that he could not possibly have avoided him; but he had no means of proving his story.

Then someone cleverly thought of having the blood of the dead man analysed, and the analysis was conclusive that he had drunk a considerable quantity of alcohol shortly before his death. The judge thereupon accepted the driver's story and ordered that he should be discharged forthwith.

### FIFTEEN MILLION YEARS OLD

#### SEEING IT AS IT STOOD

The Dinosaur from Tanganyika  
Comes to Our Great Nature Show

#### 30 FEET HIGH

It is a great thing for any creature that has lived to be remembered by the world after 15 million years.

That is what has happened to the giant dinosaur which roamed about Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa all those years ago, and has now made its longest journey, from the heart of Africa to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

It was a fearsome beast to look at while it lived, 50 feet long and 30 feet high when it stood up to crop the juicy young leaves of a tree; and it will look terrible in the museum when its huge bones are put together again and it grins down through its empty jaws at parties of school children who pay it an afternoon call.

#### A Vegetarian Monster

But its grin was worse than its bite, for there is good reason to believe that it was a strict vegetarian, which would not have turned aside from its feeding for an explorer, supposing there had been explorers in the Age of Reptiles.

It was a slow old thing, so slow that it would have been a matter of seconds before its small brain would have recognised that anyone was treading on its far-distant tail; but it may have been a great traveller, for dinosaurs like it have been found in North America, though this one holds the record at present for size. But the journey which it has now made to England appears to be the first journey to England undertaken by any of its family. It was brought by sea in many packing-cases.

#### Sorting Out the Bones

The Natural History Museum is now carefully unpacking its bones and sorting them out from the remains of its contemporaries. When all are unpacked they will be put together, and the dinosaur will stand up for all to see, a veritable monument. It will be second in size only to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour. It can never be said of the Tanganyika dinosaur that the evil it did lived after it, or even that the good was interred with its bones.

It has been surmised that the dinosaurs which roamed about Tanganyika, of which this 50-foot example is only one and is about only half as high as some, lived to see the river where they browsed in the swamps dry up. They could not find enough to eat. They had not the wit to move on, and so, there by the home they had known through so many placid years, they lay down and died.

Picture on page 12



## ONCE UPON A TIME

### MARCUS SAMUEL'S GOOD LONG LIFE

#### The Poor Boy Who Grew Rich in Well-Doing

#### SHELL AND SHELLS

Once there was a boy in East London who had to work hard to make a living.

Presently he started in a small way of business, selling painted shells in a little shop in Houndsditch. His name was Marcus Samuel. Anyone passing by would have thought that that was the least important of any business dwelling in London. It was itself the shell of a great enterprise, the four walls that housed a young man of indomitable will and perseverance.

People passing by soon saw that Marcus had other things in his window. The painted shells made room for curios and knick-knacks, then for general produce, then for sacks of rice. The day came when they looked for Marcus and he was no longer there. He had gone on a journey to Japan.

#### Shipping Oil from Russia

Now he was dreaming of the possibilities of trade in petroleum. With secret joy and fear in his heart, Marcus Samuel began to ship oil from Russia to the Far East. It was a modest enterprise. His vessels were as insignificant among the great merchant traders as the little shell shop had been among the East End warehouses.

People said young Samuel was a fool, that shipping oil was a silly business, as the nature of the cargo made it impossible to fill the holds on the return journey with ordinary merchandise. Marcus tried cleaning out the hull with steam, and the device succeeded.

The enterprising man from Houndsditch knew now that he was in the way of great things, that a vast business could be opened up. But he must have financial backing. The Rothschilds helped, and Marcus became the head of a great trading firm.

#### Building a Vast Business

In 1897, after long thought and much talk between some of the shrewdest business men of their day, an amalgamation took place between several firms trading with the East. The result was the famous Shell Transport Company. If anyone asked why this name was given Marcus Samuel pointed to a little shop in Houndsditch.

In the meantime Marcus Samuel had been able to help the Government with the salvage of a Government ship, the *Victorious*, and the result was that the seller of shells became Sir Marcus Samuel. The years rolled by, the Shell Company amalgamated with a still more powerful firm, and the result was a vast organisation dealing with the producing, refining, and distributing of oil.

When the war broke out the British Government woke up to the value of this great industry. Owing to its ramifications in all parts of the Earth it could supply the Government with petroleum in any form at any war base. Sir Marcus worked like a giant.

#### Lord Mayor of London

In the meantime he had begun municipal work in London, and in 1902 he was Lord Mayor of London. Nineteen years after he was made a baron; a few years more saw him a viscount. He was now Lord Bearsted.

He was a great man to the end. He was never ashamed of the little shell shop in Houndsditch, Lord Bearsted was always young Marcus Samuel.

A week or two ago his great life ended, after 73 years of dogged, hard work, and there is this touching fact to be set down—that he passed away a few hours after the death of his wife, who had worked with him and hoped with him and been proud of him for nearly fifty years. They were buried side by side upon their wedding-day.

## AN OLD LADY AND THE WORLD

### The Wonderful Life of Caroline Reboux

After nearly ninety years of life in this wonderful world an old lady has just died in Paris who will be remembered affectionately by men who keep dress shops all over the world, and by women who buy dresses out of them.

She was Madame Caroline Reboux, one of the most famous dressmakers who ever lived. She lived a long, hard-working, merry, and rather important life, and she had a tremendous influence on the fashions of her day.

It is said that Madame Reboux was largely responsible for the rise of French fashions over those of other countries of Europe. Beauty in design and smartness in dress of every kind were the things she thought of the most. Her creed was "Whoever you are, wherever you are, look nice." She became one of those whom the world must obey.

#### Fashion's Changes

Because of her will men had to learn not to step on the long trains of dresses, and ladies had to learn always to have one hand free to hold up their dresses in the street. At her will factories turned out miles of flounces for frilled petticoats and gowns. Presently Madame Reboux held up her little finger and the factory machines slowed down, trains shrank, frills died a lingering death, waistlines moved up and down, sleeves became now short, now long, now like a ship in full sail, now as tight as a stocking. Fashion began to change almost every year instead of every seven years.

If anyone asked why all this need be, and wondered why we could not settle down either to bustles or trains or poke-bonnets or front fringes or little muffs, the answer was that Madame Reboux and one or two other people had sat in conclave in Paris and decided what the streets of gay cities should look like next year.

It is curious to think of the gorgeous pomp which one working-life can bring before the eyes of the world.

## A GOLDEN DEED

### Hero With One Arm

For a quarter of a century the Marylebone magistrate has been making presentations for bravery, and he says the bravest deed he knows was done by Thomas Horsted.

Horsted, who is 25, enlisted while a boy, and lost his arm in the war. He is now a night watchman. The other day he was walking by Regent's Park Canal when he saw a little boy roll down the bank into the water.

At this point the canal is deep, and the boy sank. In spite of having only one arm, Horsted plunged to the rescue. He had great difficulty in finding the child under water, but he succeeded at last and got him to the bank, after which the brave man collapsed. They took him to Hampstead General Hospital, where it seemed that he would die, but after 35 minutes he recovered. The gallant man who gave his arm for his country nearly gave his life for a child.

## UNDER THE SPREADING POISON TREE

Once when Mr. Alexander Clive was travelling in Central Africa he lay down for a nap under a spreading tree with fine white flowers. When he woke he found himself in a native hut, and was told he had narrowly escaped death.

The tree is known among natives as the Death Tree. It has a very pungent odour, which they hold to be fatal to man. Offenders against their chiefs are put to a painless death by its means. Mr. Clive is now heading an expedition in search of this and other poisonous plants in Central Africa.

## 100 MEN MAKE HISTORY

### KACHIN'S GREAT DAY

#### The Flag Flies Over the Burmese Triangle

#### 5000 SLAVES SET FREE

One hundred fierce-looking men came riding down to Myitkyina the other day and made history.

They were Kachin chiefs who dwell in a part of Burma called The Triangle. It is so wild a district that white men dared not venture into it a few years ago. When Captain J. H. Green penetrated this dangerous territory quite recently he went with two headmen and other natives for an escort, but he awoke one night to hear his hosts plotting to kill him. He found that these wild tribesmen spent most of their time quarrelling and taking opium while their slaves toiled for them.

#### Two Kinds of Slaves

There were two kinds of slaves in The Triangle. One was a house slave, who had no property and was treated as if he were an animal or piece of furniture. The outside slaves owned homes of their own and a little ground, but they had to give half their crops and new-born cattle to their masters, besides working in their masters' fields. If the master sent to a slave and demanded one of the slave's daughters for a house slave she had to be given up.

The masters could take the slaves' property or lives if they liked. A man who killed someone else's slave had to pay the owner compensation in the shape of another slave, a gong, a buffalo, and a piece of cloth. The price of a healthy, full-grown slave in the market was 200 rupees or five buffaloes.

The other day the Kachin chieftains were called down from their wild hills to meet the Governor of Burma in Durbur, or Parliament. He received them with the greatest pomp, and as each chief came up they exchanged presents. The Kachins gave elephant tusks or handsome knives called dahs.

#### Voice of the Empire

When all the greetings were over they sat down to hear what the Governor had to say. It was a marvellous moment, because he spoke for all the peoples of the British Empire.

He told the tribesmen that the British people will not let slavery exist anywhere under their flag.

"Two years ago (he said) I told you that there must be no slaves in Burma. Slavery has gone from the Hukawng Valley, but it must go from The Triangle as well. The British Government wishes to be your friend and protector, but if you disobey this decree it will punish you. We know your slaves are unhappy, so a party of British officials is coming into your country to set them free and pay you compensation. After this there must be no more slave-raiding, and every man who works in Burma shall work for wages."

The chieftains' hearts were angry, but they could not break the will of the whole British Empire, so they bowed in consent and rode back to their hills.

A greater day will never dawn in Kachin, for by his speech the Governor set free five thousand men and women. Never again will a man's daughter be torn from him and bartered for five buffaloes, never again so long as the British flag flies in Burma. The old slaves of Kachin will never forget 1927.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Abuna . . . . . Ah-boo-nah  
Moluccas . . . . . Mo-luk-kahs  
Poseidon . . . . . Po-sy-don

## A SHIP AND A CROWD

### How the Emden Saved a Big Disaster

#### AWKWARD MOMENT AT THE CAPE

A very strange incident is reported from Cape Town Harbour, where the crew of a German cruiser, faced by a crowd of South Africans in danger of drowning, solved the awkward situation in a very clever way.

The cruiser was the Emden, namesake of the famous warship which for two months during the war ranged the Indian Ocean sinking British merchantmen. During a peaceful visit of the new Emden to the South African port the townspeople were invited to inspect the vessel. The invitation was accepted with embarrassing enthusiasm. Men, women, and children, white and coloured, came in such numbers that the jetty was packed, while more and more came up behind.

#### Presence of Mind

Suddenly, the Emden's officers were faced with an appalling situation. The police were striving to hold the people back, but a rowdy coloured element pushed and struggled forward, and the police were growing helpless before them. On three sides the crowds were pressed to the water's edge, and on the only side where relief was possible the people were pressed forward instead of back. Every moment it seemed as if hundreds must be pushed into the water.

Then, with the approval of the police, a hose was brought out and played upon this pressing side, with the result that the people who were pressing forward skipped back and rushed out of range. The dangerous pressure was relieved. Of course the people were very angry till they understood the reason, and then everyone praised the presence of mind of the sailors. It was a difficult thing for a German cruiser to do in a British port, but it was the only way, and was a fine example of presence of mind.

## THINGS SAID

Macaroni is a great muscle builder.

Signor Mussolini

Keep your language clean and bright,

Professor S. Alexander

What industry wants is less talk and more work. Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

The best sport is not killing foxes but making bad men good.

Prebendary Carille

A bad boy I remember is now a V.C. Headmaster of Denstone College

People have no more right to be ill than they have to be criminals.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane

There is definite evidence that the purchasing power of the world is increasing.

Chairman of Barclays

I believe there is coming over the country a better feeling of goodwill.

Vice-Chairman of Barclays

The one thing which would revolutionise trade would be to wipe out all tariffs.

Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P.

Our problem is to make the African a better African, not an imitation European.

Sir Frederick Lugard

We could get on if wireless advanced no farther; we can't get on without a change of mind in man. Bishop of Ripon

Poetry comes naturally to the English tongue because its rich variety makes it specially suitable to be a poet's instrument.

Mr. St. John Ervine

Upon the League of Nations hang more issues of human well-being than on any other institution upon the Earth.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald



## A COROT IN A BACK ROOM THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY

The Modesty of an Artist with  
World Fame

### TREASURES OF SOHO

The other day a friend of the C.N. wandered into the little Twenty-One Gallery, which is in Durham House Street, Adelphi, at Number 21, from which it takes its name.

The rooms were once no more than a loft above the stables of Thomas Coutts, the great banker, who built a fine house in the Strand opposite his bank. But for years they have been an art gallery, and recently the stable beneath them was turned into a flat.

### A Delightful Landscape

There are always interesting things to be seen at the Twenty-One Gallery, and this time there was something specially interesting, for Mrs. Bernard Smith, the owner of the rooms, produced a delightful landscape by Corot, the kindly genius who was first a hairdresser and then a draper, but lived to become the first landscape painter of his day.

This particular sketch, a misty impression of fields and trees painted in lovely greens and blues, was in a dry and brittle medium much used by Corot, and on the back of it, in a beautifully-pencilled hand, he had written: "I am very pleased with this sketch. If it had been a little better it would have been a Rousseau."

Now, Pierre Rousseau was a contemporary of Corot, certainly no better known nor a better painter, but it is typical of Corot that even at the height of the wealth and fame he achieved he should regard it as the highest praise he could bestow upon his own work to compare it with that of one of his friends.

### An Exciting Experience

And how did this picture come to the gallery in the Adelphi? In a curious way. Let it be told in the words of Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the art critic. "On one of the hottest days of last summer (he says) I had the exciting experience of turning over in a squalid bedroom in Soho 600 or 700 drawings which, I was assured, were only part of a much greater number to be seen at the owner's house. The quantity was overwhelming, the quality unequal. With the best will in the world I could not affirm that among good, bad, and indifferent drawings there were many that could claim to be good. But I had not the slightest doubt as to their authenticity. I gladly availed myself of the owner's permission to choose a few specimens for the British Museum."

### A Romance of Art

In the first fortnight of November a choice of the best among the remaining works were shown in the Twenty-One Gallery. It is difficult to explain how so many of these pictures were overlooked in the great Corot Sale at the artist's death, but it is thought that either the bundles in which these were done up were overlooked or that Corot left instructions that they were not to be sold because he did not think them good enough for that purpose.

However it was, it is indeed a romance to find in such an unexpected place even a few examples of Corot's landscapes, which are so deservedly prized by all lovers of beauty and are now becoming rare owing to the demand for them in both Europe and America.

### A SHIP'S 10,000 LIGHTS

The colossal liners of today have immense equipments, and the Cunard liner Aquitania, which has just been overhauled, has ten thousand electric lights and 700 miles of electric wiring.

## PLAYING ON EUROPE'S ROOF



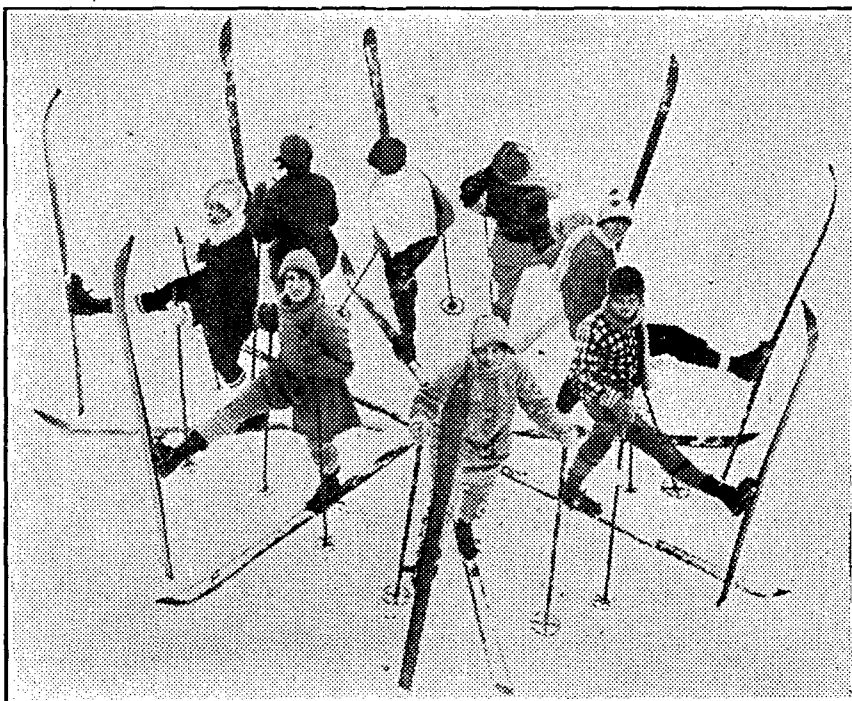
A party of young skaters at Gstaad, Switzerland



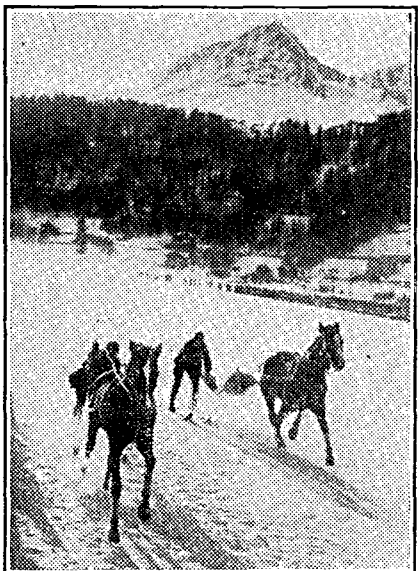
A Swiss University ski-runner in a costume race



Wireless on a toboggan, with skis and ski-sticks for the aerial



A party of girls form a wheel of skis



A ski race with horses at St. Moritz



A giant snowman at Gurnigel, Switzerland

This year the weather in Switzerland has been ideal for winter sports, and more British people than ever have been enjoying themselves in the sunshine and snow. Here we see some of the picturesque scenes that attract holiday-makers to the Alps from all over Europe

## THE TIGER AND THE LITTLE CHILD

ANOTHER STRANGE  
STORY OF ANIMAL LIFE

Wonderful Possibilities in the  
Nature of Wild Creatures

### WHAT OUR NATURAL HISTORIAN THINKS

It has been suggested that the publication of such stories as that of the children brought up by wolves is too terrible for the C.N., but it seems to us the true view of these stories is that they teach us the wonderful possibilities of kindness in the Animal Kingdom.

Another story is reported of a tiger and a child, and we have asked our Natural History Correspondent what he makes of it.

The story is given to the Morning Post on the authority of a former Magistrate of the Central Provinces.

It is a story of 20 years ago, when a man of ferocious demeanour but blameless life came before the magistrate on what proved an entirely false charge of brigandage, and was liberated. The Englishman inquired into the history of the queer-looking native and was told the following strange story.

### Sought by the Tigress at Night

Some forty years earlier natives called Koles, hunting in the jungle, had encountered a tiger mother with two cubs and a strange naked creature, which, when they had driven off the animals, they found to be a human child. With much difficulty they carried the child to their village, and the waif proved savage and intractable for a long time. He was fed on raw meat and rice, and could utter only low growling sounds; and he was sought at night by the tigress, which went howling to the village until the massed natives pursued and killed her.

Brought up by the head man of the village, the child gradually accepted light clothing, learned slowly to talk, grew up, married, became the father of two children, and was noted as a bold and fearless hunter.

### Extraordinary Animal Friendships

That is the magistrate's story. It may be true; it may have been only the false report of the natives. Here, as in the case of the alleged wolf children, we have to ask ourselves if such a thing is possible. We think that in the millionth case it might happen.

When an animal is nursing cubs she is at once specially fierce and specially kind. The most extraordinary friendships arise in the animal world at such times. Cows suckle lambs, dogs mother wolves and kittens, rabbits look after young ferrets and squirrels, cats after young rats, goats and sheep have been known to bring up native babies.

If, then, the tiger had satisfied her own hunger and found her cubs not in want of flesh food she might lay the baby down with her own young, and the child, following instinct, might nuzzle its way close to her and relieve her of milk and so save its life. Once she had suckled the baby the process might be repeated from day to day.

### The Food Problem

The peril of the child would arise afresh as the cubs grew up, for then the milk of the mother would cease, and the baby would have to be able to live on raw flesh. The same problem arises, of course, in the history of the wolf children; the milk of a mammal does not outlast the need of the growing cubs.

There, then, is the possibility which makes all such stories as these worthy of study. All such tales come nowadays from India, though Europe, in the day of its more widespread wolf population, had similar legends. No one can guarantee the truth of such tales, but the volume of evidence in respect of wolf children seems to outweigh the likelihood of all the records being false.



## GREAT HOUSE WAITING FOR A PARLIAMENT

INDIA'S WONDERFUL  
NEW BUILDING  
Colossal Structure a Quarter  
of a Mile Round

### THE NEW DELHI

*I pray that in this Council House  
Wisdom and Justice may find their dwell-  
ing-place.*  
*The King*

While the Duke of York is on his way to Australia to open in the new capital the ugliest Parliament building in the Empire the Viceroy of India has just opened in the new Indian capital what may well be the most magnificent Parliament building in the world.

When New Delhi was first planned there was no idea of a Parliament, and the Viceroy's Council was intended to meet in a wing of Government House.

### Where the Princes Meet

The new Legislative Chamber and Council of State cannot be called a Parliament, because they have not sovereign powers; but they are intended to lead up to a Parliament when India is ready for real self-government, and so it was decided to house them in a building worthy to house a Parliament when it comes.

Besides the Assembly and the Council, the Lower and Upper Chambers of the new Legislature, there is a Chamber of Princes in which the princes of the Native States will meet to discuss their common affairs, but without any legal powers. So altogether three Chambers were required. Besides these a great central meeting-place, or Durbar Hall, was needed when the Chambers met together.

### Gardens and Fountains

All these four halls are comprised within the new Council House, some day to be called the Parliament House, and now in actual use for the sessions of the newly-elected Legislature. The central hall has a great dome, 90 feet across, with a brazen cupola above, which fills it with a golden-reflected light. Here a library for members of all three Chambers is housed. Joined to it by connecting passages are the three Chambers, forming a vast triangle, with three open garden courts between them in which fountains play and flowers bloom.

Enclosing the whole, hall, chambers, and gardens, is a circular building more than a quarter of a mile round, and running round this, again, is a verandah supported on stone columns. From the great balcony above the main entrance a magnificent vista leads to Old Delhi and the dome and minarets of the Great Mosque. *Picture on page 12*

## A DOG FOLLOWS ITS NOSE And Finds Its Master

The porter at Bath Hospital had a great surprise the other day.

A dog rushed into his room, ran round it sniffing, and then sat down by a pair of crutches in a corner. There it stayed, on guard, in spite of everything the porter could do to force it or coax it away.

The owner of the crutches had been admitted to the hospital earlier in the day. Before he left home he had had the dog shut up, but directly it was free the animal darted off to find its master. Up and down the streets it ran till finally it traced him to Bath Hospital. Then the dog sat down by the crutches, thinking "Now I have got him; he never goes out without these wooden things."

It will be many days before the dog's master can use his crutches again, so the hospital authorities had to send to his home and get a relative to take the dog away, or it would have starved at its post of duty and affection.

Although he is an invalid we envy the dog's master. He has a true friend indeed.

## THE GOAT IN SEARCH OF A MEAL

Climbing, Swimming,  
and Diving

### ODD NEWS FROM A VOLCANO ISLAND

We have heard of crabs that climb trees on islands in the Southern Seas, but though goats are famous rock-climbers they have hitherto had no reputation as climbers of trees.

Now, however, in the volcanic island of Guadeloupe the native goats have learned to climb trees, and not only have they acquired this accomplishment but they have also become masters of the arts of swimming and diving.

The island was originally a Mexican settlement, and goats were introduced by the Mexicans to provide milk for the settlers. But, as often happens when animals or plants are introduced into new surroundings, the newcomers multiplied rapidly, and soon overran the whole island.

### Cypress and Seaweed

It is rather a barren island, and the goats, having devoured all the grass and herbage, had to discover new things to eat. They tried the cypresses, and found the bark edible and nutritious and the foliage luscious. To reach the higher branches they had to start climbing, and today, even if they cannot compete with monkeys and squirrels, they are fairly expert tree-climbers.

Unfortunately, cypress trees will not grow when their bark has been gnawed off, and so this source of food has rapidly diminished, and the goats have had again to search for new provender. They have found seaweed a possible food, and to get at floating seaweed they have practised swimming and diving, and now take to the water almost as readily as seagulls.

### Starvation of the Wrens

Goats that have learned to climb trees, to swim, and to dive deserve to survive, but their destruction of the underbrush has led to the starvation of the wrens and towhees that built their nests there, and if they continue to multiply it is only a question of time before they themselves perish of famine.

It is probable, however, that the guard of Mexican soldiers who live on the island to protect elephant seals may thin out the goats before the food supply altogether fails.

## A CITIZEN'S GIFT TO THE NATION

The Monuments of  
Huntingdonshire

There is a wonderful store of historic treasures in our country villages, and the knowledge of them adds greatly to the interest of life in the country.

The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments is doing a fine work in looking them up and making picture-books of them. But printing picture-books is expensive, and the Government does not always spare enough money for it. A fine example has been set by a gentleman in Huntingdonshire, who has provided out of his own pocket the balance of the money needed to publish the Commission's latest volume on the monuments of that county. It is a fine gift to the nation from a private citizen.

Beyond the fact that the Great North Road passes through it few of us know much of Huntingdonshire, yet the Commission has found in it over fifty monuments worthy of preservation, while it declares that there are on an average twelve monuments in each parish dating from before 1714. Only one parish out of every ten is without an old homestead surrounded by a moat!

## 80 MILES ON A RIVER BED

### The Memories of the Past

The other day some people travelled eighty miles up the Arkansas River, and they did so using in their journey neither boat nor waterplane.

They drove all the way in an ordinary motor-car. Truth to tell, the Arkansas River, though it looks so riverlike on the maps, is now little but a sandbank.

Yet it has great memories. Once upon a time it was a noble river, rolling down from the Rockies to the Mississippi. Red Indians travelled down it in canoes and sang about the beauty of its dark, rushing waters. Then white men came and spent much money in throwing wide bridges across it.

Now it is spoiled of its glory, just as the fields are turned into towns by the merciless hand of industrial progress. The Arkansas has been tapped at numerous places in Eastern Colorado for irrigation and other purposes until it is nearly drained dry.

There is something very strange about the sight of so many bridges spanning dry land, and travellers laugh as well as sigh when they motor down the river.

## THE INVISIBLE RIDER ON THE DARK ROAD

### Strange Case of the Cyclist

Some time ago a Bradford mounted policeman was run down in the dark by a motor-car. The Bradford Watch Committee has been thinking over this unhappy event, and has decided that in future mounted constables must carry rear lights fixed to the cruppers of their horses.

Every now and then cyclists are run down by motor-cars. One would have thought that in face of this experience every cyclist would have been keen to carry a back light, but this for the most part they indignantly refuse to do. They say it is not their business to show the motorist where they are; it is the motorist's business to discover them!

It seems a rather foolish argument, and it cannot give much comfort to a cyclist with a broken leg. Even motorists cannot see what is invisible, and it seems to us that if a cyclist's life is valuable to the cyclist he should take the ordinary means of self-preservation to preserve it. If he will not he may be sure the time is coming when he will have to do so.

## A WOMAN AND A STATE The End of a Sensation

The first woman governor of an American State has just retired on the completion of her term of office, and, unhappily, supporters of the claims of women to equal political rights with men do not feel that she has brought credit to their cause.

The choice from the first was not a happy one. She followed her husband in the governorship of Texas after he had been impeached for misuse of public funds, and had so become himself incapable of standing again for the office.

Instead of taking her own line, "Ma" Ferguson, as she let herself be called, simply carried out the political policy of her husband. Her chief exploit was to issue wholesale pardons to people convicted of crime. In her two years of office she issued over three thousand.

In the end, a week before the close of her term, the judges of the State went on strike and refused to try any more prisoners till her power of cancelling their sentences was ended. Now these sensational few years are over Texas will settle down to normal life.

## DISCOVERY IN THE CLOUDS

### DISEASE A MILE HIGH

The Travels of the Enemies of  
Our Lives and Fields

### GERMS AND MITES

By Our Natural Historian

The day of the sword has practically passed; that weapon is scarcely used now in war, so that the beating of swords into ploughshares would count for little on our farms.

But it is encouraging to find another fighting arm, the Royal Canadian Air Force, directed to the purpose of peace and waging beneficent war, not on man but on man's enemies.

The Canadian airmen are flying over cultivated areas to search out and remedy insect pests. Of the nature and success of the airmen's work in this direction C.N. readers have already had some account, but we have to record a new and alarming discovery. The flying-men have found the spores of wheat rust 5000 feet up in the air, 300 miles from the nearest wheat-growing area.

### The Only Precaution

That is indeed a serious revelation. The spores, as fine as dust, travel where the wind wills, and who can protect his wheat crop from a visitation by such agents? Clearly the only precaution possible is to grow wheats that defy rust, that deadly enemy of the source of our breadstuffs.

This new picture of the destroyer of the cultivated field riding the breeze is as sadly dramatic as our vision of disease germs borne by the air, but the travel of our minute enemies by less extraordinary means is sufficiently alarming. The plague of white mites in Bristol which we noted the other day is an example of the kind. These mites are so tiny as to be barely visible to the eye, yet they have crossed the wide sea and driven families from their homes.

### The Insect Army

Mites are tiny but terrible, and a single mite may lay as many as twenty thousand eggs. Some are harmless; others devour the feathers of birds; some ruin vines and strawberries; another species is responsible for cattle fever; another kills our British bees; and it is a mite that is ruining our black-currant plantations.

The mites include the ticks, and the whole order is so destructive as to occupy the forefront of the terrible insect army which is quietly waging war with Science for the ultimate conquest of the world. If Science wins the world will be mankind's kingdom; if Science fails insects will rule as the reptiles once did, and the mites and ticks will be among the enemy's victorious shock troops.

### Plagues from Abroad

How came the white mites to Bristol? Like the terrific Argentine ant, by ship. They harboured in fibre sent from Algeria to Bristol for use in stuffing furniture. So came the deadly brown rat and the loathsome cockroach, and so comes the plague-bearing rat, to die at the hands of the watchful guardians of our ports.

Ill news travels fast, our ancestors used to say when news was carried on horseback; today ill travel by steamer, train, and aeroplane, and, as the Canadian airmen show us, on the wings of the wind as well. There is much yet to be done by men of skill, daring, and goodwill in making the world really safe.  
E. A. B.



The Farne Islands are on the east coast, off Northumberland, and, though the Atlantic voyage of the birds may be accounted for by their following a ship, it is less easy to account for the much shorter journey across England.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 5 1927

## The Sunless House

MANY an old sundial bears the motto *I count only the sunlit hours*. The meaning is that without the sun the dial cannot tell the time, and the moral is almost as clear because it tells us that the sunshine hours of happiness are those which we should keep in memory.

Yet there is another lesson which the sundial's motto teaches, and it is that the sunny hours are those which life and health most need. We were telling the other day of the sad plight of the bookless house where no light from within brightens the mind. The sunless house where no light from without shines upon the body is in almost as bad a way, because without sunlight there cannot be a sound body to preserve a sound mind. Each depends on the other. Yet how many unhappy, sunless houses there are!

Nothing is more useful to us than sunlight. The only living things that do not want it are the germs of disease. They shudder from it. They cannot live in it. The bogeys of influenza and tuberculosis and their kin haunt the shadows.

Sunlight brings fresh air in its train. It shows up the dirt which tries to hide itself in the dark corners and makes it ashamed of itself. The sunless house is a dark house, a stuffy house, a dirty house, a dismal house. Let there be light in the homes of our people.

It was a Roman poet who first thought of the motto for the sundial, and in the land of Italy, where he lived, they have a proverb which says that in the room where the sunshine comes the doctor never has to visit. That is, perhaps, too hopeful a view of what the Sun can do to keep us in health, but the spirit of it is right enough.

Many doctors prescribe the power of the Sun for healing. In Vienna the poor war babies, who had been born into a world where there was not enough food to eat, were helped to grow up by being put out in the sun. The sunlight was food to them. It put flesh and blood and even bones into rickety babies. Diseases brought on by a deficiency of the right food are outnumbered by the diseases caused by a deficiency of sunlight.

If all the slums and dark places where dirt and smoke defy the light of day could be sunned properly the world would be filled with millions more healthy children to grow up happy people.

The Sunlit Town is one of the hopes of the future, when the light of reason has so shone on men that they will turn away from hating and quarrelling, and will try to make the world better to live in. But the first step to it is the Sunlit House.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Prayer of Pankles

IN some of the ancient temples discovered in Palestine are little limestone tablets, on which injured persons have written prayers asking that some punishment shall fall upon those who have hurt them.

A traveller tells us of one written by somebody called Pankles, who dwelt ages ago in Marissa, and suffered so much headache that he had to resign his situation in the service of one Demetrius.

Pankles, on his tablet, prays that vengeance may fall on two people, Pilonides and Xenodocus, for casting a spell on him and causing the headaches! He begs the gods to reward them by depriving them of speech and of the pleasures of love!

The evil that men do lives after them, but no doubt Pankles had his good points.

## A Blessing from Charles Dickens

MAY the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy bed, and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be ever open to thee.

May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights. May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy sleep, may the Angel of God attend thy bed. Charles Dickens

## On the Way to the Dentist

A FRIEND of ours has been to the dentist, and did not like it. Another friend of ours ought to go and will not. Both might take courage from a story we have been reading.

It tells how President Roosevelt was once on the way to the dentist, talking all the time to a friend in spite of the most dismal, pouring rain. The streets, says Roosevelt's friend, were almost deserted, but a solitary horse-cab with a drenched driver came toward them at a slow trot.

Roosevelt was talking about catching wolves, and as he saw the cab-horse he suddenly exclaimed: "I am afraid I can't make you understand what I mean about the right way of stabbing a wolf." So he called to the cab-driver. The man, awaking from misery and much flattered, drew up his steed. Mr. Roosevelt began to draw a diagram of imaginary lines on the horse's chest, the driver growing more and more wet yet more keenly interested. Finally, after many complicated explanations, the President nodded to the cabby and remarked: "I think I've got this gentleman to understand."

He then proceeded joyously to the dentist, while his friend, hailing the dripping cabby, drove thankfully home.

## The Magic Steed

O swift is the deer on the plain,  
And swifter the fish in the sea,  
Still swifter the bird in the air,  
But swiftest of all can I be.

Let mountains be never so proud,  
Let oceans be never so wide,  
Let sunset be never so far,  
I'll voyage it all at a stride.

No bird travels over the years,  
But I voyage centuries through,  
Now marching with Caesar in Gaul,  
Now strolling in England with you.

Come, give me the name of my steed!  
He cannot be bartered or bought,  
He cannot draw wagon or plough,  
But swiftest of all things is—Thought.

## Tip-Cat

THE brains of England, says Dean Fry, are not confined to the upper classes. Only to the upper storeys.

ITALY is to have a national theatre. We can guess who will be the centre of the stage.

D'ANNUNZIO says he was a hero before he became a soldier. He does not say what he was afterwards.

HAROLD LLOYD, the film star, is so shy he will run away from a crowd.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If a billet is got  
by ability

Perhaps that is why the crowd runs after him.

Few men now have an individual note in their clothes. Hard times!

THE first policeman used to get three shillings a day. This was known as a uniform wage.

SOME people, writes a correspondent, have curious ways of enjoying themselves.

Probably they are curious.

A PHILOSOPHER says he has two doctors—a left leg and a right one. And he does not run up bills with them.

MANCHESTER has, it seems, the worst atmosphere in the world. It is a pity visitors do not go there to take the air.

SOMEBODY complains that the interest taken by America in the rest of the world is very slight. But her interest from the rest of the world is very great.

## The Little Child Spring

NEITHER old Winter nor skeleton Death can withhold the feet of the little child Spring. She is stronger than both. Love shall conquer hate.

George MacDonald

## The End of the Day

Let me go down this shadowed way,  
This stony, thorny track  
That men call Life,  
Nor loiter there,  
Nor weary of my pack,  
Till I shall reach the little inn—  
Shining with God's own light,  
And He shall say *Your work is done;*  
*Here shall you rest tonight.*

Marjorie Wilson

## The Conquering Banner

OVER all turrets and bastions,  
Over all castles and moats,  
Over all fountains and mountains,  
Lo, like a banner it floats!

FAR above Caesars and Sultans,  
Far above Pharaohs and Kings,  
Far above steeples and peoples,  
Shines the most royal of things.

ARMIES can never o'erthrow it;  
Long as the centuries run  
Earth shall live ever and ever  
Under the light of the Sun.

SUN, thou art highest of all things,  
Master of splendour and fear,  
Tearing the thunder asunder,  
Armed with the lightning for spear.

WEARING the dawn as a garment,  
Setting thy feet upon night,  
Never was glory in story  
Great as the banner of Light.

The Country Girl

## How the Idea of Evolution Was Born

ALL the world has been laughing at the spectacle of Tennessee laughing at Evolution; now the school teacher who was punished for teaching the plain facts of the world's history has won his case.

It will soon be 68 years since this great idea burst upon the world from the minds of two men far apart. Thousands of miles from Darwin's Kent hilltop Alfred Russel Wallace was thinking out the origin of species as Darwin was, and these three passages tell the story of one of the most remarkable coincidences in the history of knowledge.

In February, 1858, at Ternate, one of the Moluccas Islands, there suddenly flashed upon me the idea of the survival of the fittest. So deeply impressed was I with the importance of this theory and of its far-reaching consequences that the very same evening I sketched its outlines, and in the two succeeding evenings wrote it out in full, and sent it by the next post to Mr. Darwin, in the full expectation that it would be as new and startling to him as it had been to myself. *Alfred Russel Wallace*

Your words have come true with a vengeance—that I should be forestalled. I never saw a more striking coincidence; if Wallace had my MS. sketch written out in 1842 he could not have made a better short abstract! Even his terms now stand as heads of my chapters.

So all my originality, whatever it may amount to, will be smashed. It seems hard to me that I should be thus compelled to lose my priority of many years, but I cannot feel at all sure that this alters the justice of the case. *Darwin to Sir Charles Lyell*

I feel the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me, and that it was not left for me to attempt to write *The Origin of Species*. Far abler men than myself may confess that they have not the qualities which in their harmonious combination mark out Mr. Darwin as the man best fitted for the great work he has accomplished. *Alfred Russel Wallace*

As the double discovery of this natural law is one of the most dramatic events in the history of scientific thought, so the instant and generous acknowledgment of Darwin's fame by Wallace is one of the most notable events in the history of chivalry.



## THE FIRST VOICE CROSSES THE ARCTIC

### A WIRELESS WONDER

The Messages that Might Have  
Been in the Long Ago

### TRAGIC SPACE OF HISTORY

Wireless, which sends a message round and round the world till its impulses are too faint for our reception, must a thousand times have penetrated the Arctic, but never until now has a message been sent through the air on one side of the Arctic Circle and been caught by the people for whom it was intended on the other side.

The sender of the message was the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Bay-rupert, and during her latest trip she was communicating, twenty-four hours ahead of her arrival, with the posts she was about to visit, so enabling the receivers of the news to prepare for her coming.

### The Terrible Arctic Silence

Reports show that the messages were clearly picked up 1100 miles away, right across the Arctic Circle. Thus, for the first time, ship spoke to ship and to station in these desolate regions, creating a new record and establishing a precedent rich in hope and promise.

For, next to the cold and hunger of the Arctic, the paramount misery has been the silence, the desolate isolation, had at the best in the zero-temperature summer, but almost unbearable for those

Who, fast entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last leave of the descending sun;  
While, full of death and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible.

For the future the silence, at any rate, need be no longer one of the trials of Arctic winters.

### Possibilities of the Long Ago

It is fascinating to dream of what might have happened, what untold agonies might have been averted, had this sovereign gift of wireless been at the disposal of the doomed heroes who made early Arctic history so glorious yet so sad: Hudson and his little boy turned adrift by ruffian hands in their tiny boat to perish in the bay whose name immortalises him; Barents in his hut, and the boat voyage to death; Frobisher digging the worthless ore that he thought was gold; the men who starved and died when wintering in Spitsbergen.

What a comfort it would have been to all civilisation had wireless been part of the equipment of Sir John Franklin's expedition! It would have brought relief to him and his seven-score devoted companions of the Erebus and Terror, frozen-in in the North-West Passage, and would have spared us the harrowing distress of a seven years' search by fifteen separate expeditions.

### Isolation Gone for Ever

Wireless would have averted the tragedy of Sir Hugh Willoughby in the voyage which led to Chancellor, who commanded one of the three vessels and whose ship parted company in a storm, finding the sea passage to Russia, while Willoughby was storm-driven to Lapland.

There, ill-provided, he had to winter, frozen-in in the sea; and then cold, starvation and scurvy marked him down with all his threescore men. One message would have brought succour; but it was not until the following year that the ship and its corpses were found.

Willoughby was at his desk, over his diary, having committed to paper with his last conscious efforts words which might have been flashed through the air had he had the Bay-rupert's equipment: "Unknown and most wonderful wild beasts assembling in fearful numbers about the ship."

Such isolation and helplessness are now gone for ever from the Arctic, we may reasonably hope.

## A QUEER CATCH Motor-Lorries from the North Sea Bed

All sorts of odd fish arrive in Grimsby, but the other day every record was beaten, for the trawler Merlin brought in two motor-lorries caught in the vessel's nets!

Presumably a ship with a cargo of lorries was sunk during the war, and the lorries had been lying at the bottom of the North Sea ever since, with shoals of fish playing hide-and-seek through them and perhaps a grim octopus making one his den.

It seems unlikely that the lorries will prove useful, but perhaps the owner of the Merlin will be content with the honour of having made the strangest catch in the history of fishing.

## LOST EXPLORER No Word from the Brazilian Wilds

When Colonel Fawcett, with his son and another man, marched into the unexplored depths of Brazil he said no one need begin to be anxious about him till he had been away two years without sending news.

That was in May, 1925, and not a word has come through. The two years are not up, but anxiety is growing, for the region the explorers were making for is peopled with cannibals and has many dangerous animals and insects.

Offers have been made to the Royal Geographical Society to go in search of him, but it is considered it would be useless, as no one knows which direction he took.

## HALF AN ACRE OF WINDOWS



Steady progress is being made with the work of preserving the ancient stained glass of York Minster. Each piece is treated separately, and during the twenty years the work has been going on not one piece has been broken. Here are two men at work on the windows, which have a total area of more than half an acre.

## WHISTLING TO THE TIGER

PROFESSOR DARLING, lecturing to children at the Society of Arts, blew for them a whistle which would, he said, afford much fun with a tiger.

Before the authorities at the Zoo take any action it will be well to mention that, though Professor Darling's whistle will make a tiger sit up and take notice, it has not such an irritating effect on him as a motor-horn. It merely makes a pleasant sound which the tiger can hear when the blower cannot hear anything.

Its peculiarity, as explained by Professor Darling, is that the sound it makes is too shrill for human beings to hear. Animals, including the tiger, as well as cats and all the other members of the tiger family, can hear these very shrill sounds. What peculiarity it is

in their ears which makes them able to do so even Professor Darling could not say, but it is remarkable that children can hear shriller notes than their elders.

Professor Darling, to illustrate this, blew one kind of whistle, and all the audience, old and young, could hear the sound. He then chose a whistle with a higher note (which is to say that it caused more vibrations of the air to the second), and the older people could not hear it. The next whistle he blew he could not himself hear, but the children could. Finally the sounds became so shrill, the vibrations so numerous that nobody could hear them.

But if the tiger had been there he would have pricked up his ears, for the sound would still have been within his range.

## PRECIOUS PICTURE OF AN ELEPHANT

### 1000-YEAR-OLD ANSWER TO A PUZZLE

Where America's Civilisation  
Came From

### OLD MEETING OF EAST AND WEST

A picture painted a thousand years and more ago has solved a puzzle that has long baffled historians. It suggests that civilisation came to America, not from Europe, but from Asia.

The authority for this view depended on whether certain pictures looking like elephants were really elephants or macaws, and the point has now apparently been settled.

Civilisation in America is immensely older than Columbus. Since his day and since the day of Cortes and his followers explorers have found great deserted cities, huge pyramids, gigantic sculptures, and evidences of a colossal civilisation, of whose authors all trace has long been lost.

### Elephants or Macaws?

We know that Columbus was not the first European to reach the New World; that the Vikings were there 500 years before he was born; that the Chinese have legends that they were there centuries before the Vikings. Professor Elliot Smith has always contended that the ancient culture of America was Asian, and it would seem that he has now proved his case.

Certain carvings and drawings long known in Central America have been said by some to represent elephants, and by others to be macaws; the C.N. has already told the story. There existed actual drawings, made 90 years ago by a Frenchman named Waldeck, showing these elephant heads; but as the work of this artist ended abruptly, and was lost, tradition had it that he had made his figures too elephantlike from originals which were not elephants.

### Copies of Actual Finds

Happily, the lost drawings have now been found in the Newberry Library at Chicago, and there, it would seem, we have a representation of the old Indian myth of an elephant's head mounted on the coiled body of a serpent, drawings made by Waldeck from carvings on the floor of a subterranean room of the palace at Palenque, in Central America. But did he in his drawings over-emphasise the elephant features?

The answer is now found from other evidence. Ancient Mayan vases have been discovered which clearly portray the full outlines of elephants. There are other proofs, also, that Waldeck's pictures were faithful copies of actual finds, and that long ago Central Americans did know of the elephant, though no live elephant ever existed in the New World.

### The Snake God of the East

Professor Elliot Smith's conclusion is that the old worship of the snake-bodied elephant passed from India into China, Indo-China, Java, and Japan, on into Malaya, and that in the eighth century it extended into the islands of Oceania and from there reached Central America.

There seems no doubt that Central America adopted the elephant-headed snake god of a nation it had never seen and the architecture and sculpture of a people it had never heard of.

Such a civilisation as Central America possessed could never have sprung up suddenly out of the ground. It arose between the seventh and ninth centuries of our era, and was introduced by people from the Oceanic Islands, who had inherited their art and knowledge from Asia. East and West did meet in ancient America, and a picture by a hand long dead has at last furnished the clue.



## A SECRET OF THE SPIDER'S WORLD

### WHAT THE DANCING SPIDER MEANS

#### How the Poor Male Saves Himself Alive

#### AN OLD THEORY GOES

By Our Natural Historian

Two English naturalists have done a splendid piece of work on spider life, and have told a fascinating tale of their observations. They are Mr. W. S. Bristowe and Mr. G. H. Locket, and their adventures are recounted in the sternly scientific Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.

Male spiders are puny but adventurous little fellows, roaming the world in search of the princesses of their species, only too often to find upon arrival that they have discovered an ogress, who straightway devours them. Yet, with an inherited sense of the danger of death where they seek the delight of companionship, they approach with a cautious elation, dance, prance, pose, show off their fine points, and seem to expect love to arise from the female's admiration of their airs and graces.

#### Dancing for His Life

The classics of spider literature have long told us that in the spider's world none but the fair deserve the bold female; that she chooses the handsomest little fellow who dances best and is the most accomplished acrobat among all her suitors. This old theory has been at last exploded.

The wooing male, when he so extravagantly displays himself before the grim beauty of his affections, is saying not "Love and accept me for my beauty," but "Do not eat me; I am neither a fly nor other insect, but a spider, as my clearly-revealed form and actions show." All his contortions and fantastic dancings are to convince her of his species, not of his charms. He lives longest among the spiders who dances and poses most conspicuously, not most artistically.

#### Proving His Identity

Our naturalists have proved, as many of us indeed knew, that many spiders are very dim-sighted, and therefore cannot see the gay tints and hairy adornments of their wooers. Some of them, notably the web-spinners, feel identity by translating the touches, tugs, and pulls on the lines of their snares. Others smell by means of organs in the tips of their legs and feelers. Some see quite well, but here the first instinct is to pounce on any small moving object.

The pouncers leap upon prey as a cat on a mouse or a drifting leaf. It is the business of the male spider to establish the fact that he is a spider and not a crawling insect, and so save himself alive. Even that revelation may not preserve him, for appetite may outweigh affection. In species where such peril is greatest we find the greatest majority of males.

The discovery is very interesting and welcome, even though it renders out of date one of the most famous of spider books, which has made beauty in the male triumphant. E. A. B.

## CAPTIVES IN THE MINE

### Keeping Up Their Spirits

When some men were trapped in the workings of a Michigan mine recently communication was maintained by a telephone small enough to be lowered down the drill pipe.

It was exactly an inch and three-quarters long, three-eighths of an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, but it kept the imprisoned miners hopeful as the rescue party was working its way toward them.

## THE EARTH'S BEST FRIEND

### OUR WONDERFUL SUN

#### A Million Miles High and a Million Miles Wide

#### WHAT IT DOES FOR US

School children are to be given a holiday in order that they may view the eclipse of the Sun in England next summer, so we may be sure that our great source of light and heat will be studied with unusual interest this year.

One of our greatest astronomers, Professor A. S. Eddington, has just published a splendid book on the Internal Constitution of the Stars, which brings home to us the almost unthinkable immensity of our great beneficent Sun.

The Sun is giving out energy, in the form of light and heat, at the rate of *four million tons a second*. How long can it maintain that rate of expenditure? The answer is billions of years!

#### Billions of Years to Live

A billion is a million millions, and the Sun has a fruitful life of many billions of years before it.

The Sun is a million miles high, a million miles broad, a million miles thick, so we may easily ascertain by multiplication how many cubic miles it contains. Next we have only to multiply the total cubic mileage by the number of tons to the Sun's mile, and we have the total mass. To build a wall a mile long, a mile thick, and a mile high would require a thousand million tons of bricks.

There are other suns a thousand times as big as the Sun, yet composed of material a thousand times lighter than air. On the other hand, smaller stars are built of material a thousand times as dense as platinum, the heaviest metal on the Earth.

Our Sun is, then, as great a marvel for its size as it is as a spectacle, a force, a glory of the heavens. To it we owe life, power, heat, light, rain, beauty, colour; yet its force is as perfectly controlled in the nourishment of a seed as in the majestic operations which give us day and night, spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

#### The Work of the Sun

We feel justly proud of ourselves when we touch a lever, set an electric current flowing, and light a house or drive the machinery of a factory; but this distant world of energy, giving the Earth but the minutest fraction of its energy, grows crops for all mankind, hatches countless billions of fish in sea and river and lake, peoples the Earth with a mighty population of insects, splits rocks and turns them into soil, raises forests, paints the plains with verdure, and draws the oceans into the air and gives them back as rain; and, if we will but let it, it will make feeble children strong.

All this it has been doing for billions of years and will so do for billions more. The Sun-worshippers would worship the Sun still more fervently if they knew half its actual wonders!

## THE CELLULOID DANGER

### Two Children Killed by a Doll

What should we do with people who buy dangerous celluloid toys for little children? The C.N. has been trying to stop this shameful thing for years.

Two little girls at Frankfort in Germany, eight and six years old, have now lost their lives through this abominable practice. They were playing with a doll made of celluloid, and because the weather was cold they put it near the fire to warm its toes. Of course it flared up, and the flames caught the children's clothes, both children dying after several hours of agony.

Nobody who loves children should let them play with celluloid, or patronise toy shops where celluloid toys are sold.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

Loud speakers are used in Japanese railway stations for announcing trains.

A specialist declares that smoking is making women's voices harsh.

There are 132 women members in the State legislatures of the United States.

Four Arab fishermen from Tiberias have been drowned during a squall in the Sea of Galilee.

### Aeroplane for Rector

The rector of a very scattered Australian parish has been presented with a small aeroplane.

### One Good Thing

Thanks to the coal stoppage the absence of pollution has given the Tees a new lease of life as a salmon river.

### The Universal Finger-Print

For the first time on record a person has been identified after death by means of finger-prints.

### Death Penalty in Russia

Six Bolshevik officials have been condemned to death at Irkutsk for discrediting the Russian Government.

### News for Botanists

An American scientist has returned from Chile and Peru with 100 flowers which were previously unknown in the United States.

### Spitsbergen's First Egg

Hens were introduced into Spitsbergen quite recently, and the first egg laid there has been stuffed and mounted on a stand in the public library.

### Novel Memorial to a Novelist

A memorial forest of 5000 white pine seedlings is being planted along a highway in New York in honour of Gene Stratton Porter, the novelist.

### In Memory of Beethoven

A concert hall for 4000 performers and an audience of 10,000 is to be built in Vienna as an international monument to Beethoven.

### The Metal Mirror

In America sheet metal coated with a nickel substance that can be brought to a high polish is being used for large mirrors instead of glass.

### The Grains in a Box

Eight aeroplane explorers in Northern Rhodesia have taken with them a little sealed box containing 4000 grains of a new medicine which is believed to be a complete antidote to malaria.

### Successful S.O.S. Calls

The average of S.O.S. calls sent out by the B.B.C. is 36 a month. Over 50 per cent are known to have been successful, and the record for quick response to such an appeal is three minutes.

### A Screen in York Minster

A distinguished British architect seeing a screen in York Minster the other day remarked that it was the finest thing done in any English church for six hundred years.

### Sprats for Wales

Unemployed men gathering driftwood at Cornelly, in Glamorganshire, were astonished to find the tide bringing in shoals of sprats. Thousands were caught in baskets and buckets.

### A Fossil Mammoth from Florida

The bones of a mammoth washed up on what were the shores of Florida half a million years ago have been brought to the Smithsonian Institution as the result of an excavation in Florida.

## SCHOOL FOR LITTLE SLAVES

### Abyssinia Becoming a Free Country

Abyssinia has been much blamed for her backwardness in fulfilling her promise to abolish slavery within her borders.

There is news, however, that she has at least made a beginning. Through the British Foreign Office her Regent, Ras Tafari, has secured the help of the Anti-Slavery Society in setting up a school in the Abyssinian capital for poor children and freed slaves. May the school grow and multiply!

## SOMETHING GOOD OUT OF EVIL

### CREEPING LIFE IN THE IDLE PITS

#### How the Coal Stoppage Cleared the Mines of Rats

#### CATTLE IN A COAL-PIT

At least two good things were produced by the ruinous coal stoppage: the pit ponies obtained a long holiday in the sunshine of the open fields and the mines were cleared of rats and mice.

Coalmines seem the last place in which we should expect to find those horrid vermin, but normally they are there. They get carried down in the fodder for the ponies, perhaps occasionally with the pit props, and in other ways that cannot be fathomed.

They steal the ponies' food, and there are abundant scraps thrown down by the miners from their own meals. But the long stoppage of the mines left them foodless, and they slowly starved to death. The report may not be true of all areas, for in some mines there might be a sufficient reserve of corn to keep rats and mice alive for much longer than seven months.

#### The Strangest Sight of All

An interesting chapter might be written by a miner-naturalist of the extraordinary forms of life found in deep workings of this kind. One knows of a robin, of frogs and toads, of moths, that have been found in the mines, in addition to the almost inevitable rats and mice of the coal pits.

The strangest sight of all must have been that presented by the famous herd of old wild cattle from the Hamilton Park Estate in Scotland when they once descended the mine. They went, not as toilers, but as refugees.

These renowned old white cattle, with their black ears and muzzles, are a living heirloom in the Hamilton family, and the maintenance of the breed is, or was, a condition of inheritance. So, when cattle plague was sweeping over Scotland, and the historic herd's existence was imperilled, down the pit they were all taken, and so were preserved alive.

## THE FARMER AND THE FOX

### Huntsman v. Sportsman

Fox-hunters tell us that they are sportsmen who love to give the fox his chance, and with sublime audacity they ask us to believe that the fox enjoys the game.

Well, the Essex Hunt has just had its fourth New Year's run after a vixen in the Roding country. For four years she has given them good sport and got safely away. This time she started the play by jumping over the heads of the hounds as they were seeking her. Then she led a hunt of two hundred riders a round of six miles, finishing where she started and dashing into her hole just as the foremost hound was upon her.

But the Essex sportsmen were not content. They wanted to dig her out and throw her to the hounds, that the brave thing might be torn to pieces before their eyes. Happily the owner of the farm on which she lived proved a sportsman indeed, and refused to allow such barbarity. She had won her life in a fair race, he said, and she should keep it.

## BEAUTIFUL LEEDS

Leeds City Council has a nine-acre nursery for the propagation of trees and shrubs for its streets and parks. In the last fifteen months more than a quarter of a million trees have been grown, and Leeds now has sixty miles of tree-lined streets.



## TWO GOOD DEEDS FOR ENGLAND

### A THOUGHT FOR PICTURE MEN AND WRITING MEN

#### Constable's Famous Mill Given to the Nation

#### MR. PARKINGTON'S FINE USE OF WEALTH

If there is any artist whose work is thoroughly and undeniably English it is John Constable; and if there is any spot more than another connected with his life it is Flatford Mill in Suffolk. By the great generosity of a fine Englishman, Mr. T. R. Parkington, of Ipswich, the mill and certain other buildings are being saved for the nation.

We are now used to Constable, and we have no idea of the revolution he caused in his day in the art of landscape painting, so much so that certain tracts of the country he loved came to belong first to him and then to England. Here is the delightful story of Constable himself travelling with a stranger in a stage-coach. As they were crossing the valley of the Stour the painter remarked what a lovely spot it was. "Yes, sir," said the stranger. "It is Constable's country."

#### Noble Generosity

About two years ago a suggestion was made that a group of buildings at Flatford, including Flatford Mill, with about nine acres of land, should be given to the public, and in the nick of time Mr. Parkington has stepped in with a noble generosity. He has already done yeoman service for England, for it was he who gave the Oak Hill Estate at Ipswich to the Institute of Journalists to be turned into a convalescent home for the men who write our papers. And now he has given this valuable piece of Constable's country to the nation.

So far it is not decided to what use the property will be put, but one thing Mr. Parkington is firm about: the property must be protected from people who would take a base advantage of the privileges it offers, and he has arranged that the place shall be safeguarded.

#### A Famous Cottage

Flatford Old Mill is about ten miles from Ipswich. It became the home of Abram Constable, the painter's brother, and appears in many of Constable's pictures. Willy Lot's cottage, which Mr. Parkington has bought with the mill, is the building in the famous picture of Valley Farm, now in the Tate Gallery.

Constable always said that he could only draw a mill because he knew how to work one. It takes a miller to draw a mill, a sailor to draw a ship. There are only a few very precious wind or water mills left in the country, and it is delightful to think that a building dear to England for the sake of changing history, and dear to lovers of art everywhere, is now safe for ever.

Thank you, Mr. Parkington!

## THE STATION MISTRESS

### Miss Rough of Rosemount

The railway station of Rosemount on the Blairgowrie branch of the L.M.S. line was once among the most interesting stations in Scotland; but no longer can it boast that it is the only station with a station-mistress. Miss Rough has given up this interesting post.

For 24 years Miss Rough managed the station with the pretty name, and her mother filled the post for 36 years before her. Sometimes people talk as if women were not allowed to take responsible posts or become useful public servants in olden times, but Mrs. Rough was a station-mistress in the days of crinolines and mittens, when Queen Victoria was in her prime.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### The Portland Vase

The Portland Vase was smashed on February 7, 1843.

There is in the British Museum, in the Gold Ornament Room, an amphora, or double-handled glass jar, which is one of the most famous vases in the world.

It was made in the early days of the Roman Empire, and is said to have been found in the marble sarcophagus in the Monte del Grano, near Rome. No one knows when it was discovered. The vase passed into the possession of the Barberini, a famous Tuscan family who rose from merchant traders to princes in the sixteenth century and divided their time between fighting and collecting lovely things for their palace.

#### Smashed to Atoms

In due course the amphora passed into the hands of the Duke of Portland, who thought that a great many people ought to see the glass vessel, and he deposited it in the British Museum in 1810. It became known as the Portland Vase. Thirty-five years later, on February 7, there happened one of the most tragic and terrible things that have ever figured in the history of any art collection. A man calling himself William Lloyd, best described as a demented person, walked into the museum and deliberately smashed the Portland Vase to atoms.

This most lovely glass thing, which was one of the few of its kind to survive about two thousand years of shock and war, pillage and ruin, which had given pleasure to thousands of eyes and had haunted artists with a dream of beauty, lay in fragments on the floor. The vase was pieced together again by craftsmen of consummate skill and the mad design of that unhappy man was thwarted. Josiah Wedgwood made a number of copies of the vase. Some of the early ones are very valuable.

#### Genius of the Greek Craftsmen

The Portland Vase was probably made either by a Greek artist for a Roman master or by a Roman under Greek supervision. The Greek craftsmen were superb artists and could touch nothing without making it beautiful. We can imagine the supreme skill which went to the making of this vase, which is of blue glass, with the design cut out in a layer of white glass, like a cameo.

The figures are subjects of mythological story and are generally supposed to tell a tale about Poseidon and Thetis, god and goddess of the sea, and other persons in the Greek legends. We can see in the vase rooms in the British Museum something of the genius of the Greek craftsmen of their pure and lovely drawing.

Vase-making, in terra-cotta, stone, and glass, one of the minor arts of Greece, became a great industry. The earliest, made by the Mycenaean artists a thousand years before Christ, have something of the simple, quiet beauty of the earliest Greek statuary. As time went on the style of the vases, some of which were for household use, some for the adorning of tombs, became freer, more decorative. In the last days they were much too florid, too full of pattern.

#### Stories on the Greek Vases

All kinds of stories were told in the figures on the vases—naval battles, funeral processions, stories from early-Greek history, religious processions. The Greeks loved the repetitive form and treasured those specimens of their craftsmen's skill that showed youths and maidens passing tranquilly along to the tune of a pipe.

The Romans could but imitate this art, and presently it died out. We are left now with some famous collections which tell their own tale of a great art that flourished in the land where beauty was loved for over a thousand years. The Louvre and the British Museum own the largest and best-arranged collections of Greek vases in the world.

## STEPPING-STONES OVER THE SEA

There was a dramatic coincidence in the news not long ago. On the same morning came the story of man's rise in Central Asia and his dispersal to all parts of the world and an unexpected confirmation of the theory of dispersal in an account of how America received her first men from Asia.

The Far Eastern story was the description of the discovery of fossilised human teeth in Northern China, a confirmation of the theory of Asia as the cradle of the human race.

The scene changed, and we found ourselves in the far North-West, where Mr. Diamond Jenness, the Canadian Government anthropologist, had been out from Alaska in the Bering Strait, which separates Asia from America, finding evidence there of stepping-stones between the two continents.

#### A Valuable Find

At its narrowest Bering Strait is only 36 miles wide, and midway between the two lands are little islands. Two of these are called the Diomed Islands, mere peaks of mountains which are now nearly submerged. Yet these were the links between Asia and America.

Excavating here, Mr. Jenness found the ruins of an old house founded upon the ruins of a second house, which in turn rested on the remains of yet a third house. These old houses, Mr. Jenness declares, must date back at least 1500 years. He found ancient harpoon-heads, needlecases, and other relics which must, he thinks, be 2000 years old. The most interesting finds were Chinese beads, with etched brass and other ancient products of prehistoric China.

Here were the stepping-stones by which men of Asia passed across the strait into America; here were the homes of the ancient dwellers, here articles of commerce in course of transit from one continent to the other. The natives of America and the natives of Siberia are of one stock, and here was their ancient pathway from land to land across a narrow area, easily crossed.

#### Bering's Last Voyage

How vividly all this recalls the story which caused Peter the Great to send out his expedition to see if Asia and America were one continent or two! A native tribe of Far Eastern Siberians, dwelling on the shores of Bering Strait, told the Russians of an island opposite their own, peopled by a race like themselves, but speaking a different language, an island with a continent beyond which could be seen only on clear days.

Peter sent Vitus Bering 4000 miles overland to build ships to explore. The expedition, involving great hardship and tragedy, occupied four years, and Peter was dead before it was launched; but Bering, after terrible experiences, reached the American coast.

His ship was wrecked, and he died under an upturned boat on a frozen island which Captain Cook afterwards named Bering Island.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF DOGS

### For All Who Love a Dog

Who does not love a dog? All who do will like to have the cheap, practical, most useful little book of which we have just come across a new edition. It is the handy volume by Mr. Edward Ash on "Dogs and How to Know Them," published by the Epworth Press at 2s. 6d.

Whether we judge it by its photographs or by its notes on every breed, it is a capital book for every lover of a dog, and the more widely it is circulated the happier will the dog world be, for such a book as this gives us quick and easy understanding, and understanding takes happiness with it wherever it goes.

## A TRIANGLE IN THE SKY

### PROCYON, POLLUX, AND REGULUS

#### Huge Star That is Moved by its Giant World

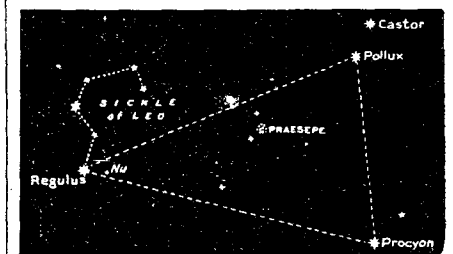
#### SUN'S NEAREST COMPANIONS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The east and south-east regions of the sky are, between 8 and 10 p.m., now adorned with three very prominent first-magnitude stars. They form a large triangle, within which many interesting objects may be found on dark, clear, moonless nights.

The three stars are Pollux, Procyon, and Regulus. Pollux is nearest to overhead, with Castor, the other twin star, above it, while Procyon is due south of Pollux and almost midway between the horizon and overhead. Regulus is at the apex of the triangle, far away in the eastern sky.

Much the nearest of these stars is Procyon, about 689,800 times as far off as our Sun: its light has been 10 years and 5 months reaching us. As light takes but 8 years 5 months from Sirius



How to find Procyon and Regulus with the aid of Pollux and Castor

and 4 years 3 months from Alpha Centauri we see that Procyon is one of the Sun's nearest companions. These, with a few smaller suns, form a group to themselves of old-type dwarf suns, some of which are a deep red colour and nearly burned out. A telescope is necessary to see them, though they are nearer than Sirius and Procyon.

Procyon is a little larger than our Sun and about a third more massive, with a surface temperature 2000 degrees Centigrade hotter. Being brighter, Procyon radiates seven times as much light. But when, a few million years hence, it cools down to the temperature of our Sun Procyon will probably be no larger, for the wonderful fact is now being realised that a sun's massiveness does, in the course of ages, radiate away to a certain extent while it is very hot.

Procyon has at least one great flaming world, which revolves round it once in 39 years at an average distance of about two thousand million miles, or somewhat farther than Uranus is from the Sun, and travelling with more than twice the speed. It is a world very much larger than Uranus, for it can, by its immense gravitational force, pull Procyon round in a small orbit within its own.

#### Speeding Toward the Earth

Procyon with its companion is travelling in the same direction as Sirius (that is, toward the south-west from our point of view), and so fast that in 50,000 years it will be near where Sirius is now. This large proper motion, as it is called, is chiefly due to the star's nearness, nearer objects naturally appearing to travel faster across the line of sight than distant ones. It is approaching us obliquely, and every minute gets 330 miles nearer.

Pollux is much farther off and is a much greater sun than Procyon, its light taking 51 years to reach us, while it radiates nearly twelve times as much light. The star was described in detail in the C.N. for November 27 last year.

Regulus, which is interesting just now owing to the apparent proximity of Neptune, is a still greater sun, 99 light years distant, and radiating nearly 38 times the light of Procyon. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Saturn south-east. In the evening Venus and Jupiter south-west, Mars south.



# S.O.S.

## CHAPTER 53

### Making Use of the Monster

PROFESSOR THOROLD's finger tightened on the trigger, and the crash of the heavy report echoed like a peal of thunder down the long aisle of forest-walled water.

"Got him!" yelled Jim, but his voice was drowned by the fearful commotion which broke loose. The bullet, truly aimed, struck the great serpent in the head, and the huge skull was smashed to pulp.

But a snake, even when mortally wounded, does not die easily, and the glistening coils, releasing their hold upon the tree, flogged furiously, while the great tail lashed the yellow water into foam. The huge creature spun and whirled with such force and fury that the dead tree, which was already rotten, broke away from its hold and fell with a fearful crash into the river, flinging up a wave that nearly swamped the dugout. The anaconda fell with it, and lay writhing terribly, beating the water into sheets of spray.

"You've done for him, Dad!" said Greg. "Smashed his head to bits. See, he's quietening down."

The Professor had reloaded his rifle and sat watching keenly and eagerly. "Yes," he said, "that creature will give us no more trouble. But the mate—it's the mate I am afraid of."

"What's the use of waiting for her, anyway?" asked Sam in his practical fashion.

"Sam is right," said the Professor. "Let us go ahead."

The paddles dipped and the boat moved on. But the great dead tree lay all across the river, and part of the great snake's body hung across it.

"We can't get past," said Jim. "We shall have to chop the log through first."

"No waste time," said Zambo forcibly. "Lift boat over."

"He's right," said Sam. "We can haul her over all right. Greg, you and I will get out and stand on the log, and between us we can pull her over."

The top of the log was in one place a few inches below the surface, and here Sam and Greg got out and, standing barefoot on the log, pulled the boat slowly over. The Professor meantime kept watch, rifle in hand, but there was still no sign of the snake's mate.

"Perhaps it will turn up in time to stop Gadsden," said Greg grimly as he stepped back into the boat.

Jim started up. "Wait a minute," he said. "I don't believe there is any mate, but why shouldn't we use the dead snake to stop Gadsden?"

"How do you mean?" demanded Greg.

"I mean," said Jim, "that if we could pull its head up so that it rested on the log Gadsden would probably think it was alive."

Greg chuckled.

"Jolly good idea! Dad, do you mind if we try it?"

"It is not a bad suggestion," allowed the Professor, "but I doubt if we can move the thing, for its weight is colossal."

"The head is only just below the surface, sir," said Jim. "If we put a rope round it I think we can haul it up."

As he spoke he got out the rope and, making a slip-knot at one end, pushed it down into the water. Greg helped, and between them they got the noose over the anaconda's head, hauled it up, and arranged it on the log.

"That ought to fetch him," said Greg. "Ugh!" he added, with a shudder. "Did you ever see such a dreadful-looking brute? I believe it could swallow an ox. Just think what a museum would give for such a specimen!"

"Exactly what I was thinking, Greg," said his father, with real regret. "And yet we can take nothing of it, not even the head." Then suddenly he smiled. "It looks quite lifelike," he added.

## The Wireless Mystery By T. C. Bridges

"It seems to me quite probable that friend Gadsden will waste a certain amount of ammunition on it. Now let us push on."

They pushed on willingly, and after some three miles of steady paddling began to get clear of the great swamp. And just then came a faint thud! thud! from the steaming distance. Sam grinned. "That's Gadsden!" he said. But the Professor looked grave. "He has gained upon us," he said. "He has more paddles than we have."

The swamp growth dropped away behind them, and they found themselves in wider water, with open prairie on each side. The sun blazed down, but a breeze ruffled the surface. Sam stooped and began to unroll a bundle lying in the bottom of the boat.

"What is that?" asked the Professor.

"The sail, sir," Sam answered. "The sail from the land-boat. I was reckoning to set it. It'll save a lot of paddling."

The Professor laughed.

"What a thing it is to have a sailor with us!" he exclaimed. "I should never have thought of that."

## CHAPTER 54

### Terrible Travelling

SAM was right, his sail did save them many a weary hour of paddling, and, what was better still, it helped them to keep their start of Gadsden. During the next week the party came to know that Gadsden was aware they were ahead of him and was doing all he knew to catch up. With his bigger force he was able to keep more men at the paddles and work longer hours. On two nights Greg, climbing big trees, saw Gadsden's camp fire only a few miles behind them, but each time there happened to be a favouring breeze next day, and this gave the party in the dugout a chance to gain.

At the end of the week they had lost sight of Gadsden altogether, and all through the following week they travelled well. Of course they had adventures. Once a huge alligator attacked the canoe and nearly upset it; another time there was a small earthquake, which caused part of the river bluff to fall, flinging up a wave which almost swamped them. But on the whole they did well, and by the fifteenth day of their river journey they reckoned that they were probably a full day's travel ahead of their rival, and perhaps two.

"We need a good start," the Professor told them, "for presently we shall have to turn westward up a tributary. That means paddling against the stream, and I don't suppose the wind will help us."

On the eighteenth day they reached the tributary, the Rio das Casca, and turned up it.

"How far shall we be able to go up, Dad?" Greg asked.

"I don't know. This river has never been explored; at any rate, it has never been surveyed. All I know is that it comes down from the great plateau, the Serrado Rancada, which divides this valley from the head waters of the Xingu River. So I fear that before long we shall find rapids which will slow us up badly."

The Professor proved a true prophet, for after only two days' paddling against a strong stream they met the first of the rapids and had to portage all their goods, including the tins of petrol, and haul the canoe up by ropes. Next day there were two rapids, both long ones, and above them the stream was so swift that they could hardly paddle against it. They made about a mile an hour, and were thoroughly done up when they camped.

"I say, Dad," said Greg as they sat at supper, "this is no good. Let's leave the dugout and tramp it."

The Professor turned to Sam.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"I say stick to the water so long as there is any," replied Sam

bluntly. "I reckon them petrol tins will travel better in the boat than on our backs."

"And I thoroughly agree with you," replied the Professor. So they stuck to the stream for three more days, at the end of which it was no more than a mountain torrent, without depth to float the boat. So there was nothing for it but to cache her and start afoot.

It was a big job to climb up out of the ravine, and when they did gain the top they found themselves in a country of rolling hills, with deep valleys filled with thick forest. The going was fairly good on the tops, but in the valleys it was awful. The trees were matted with bush rope, a kind of creeper, and often they had to cut their way with axes. The heat in these valleys was very great, and over and over again it seemed as if they would drop under the heavy loads they had to carry.

On the third night from the river they were forced to camp in heavy forest. Darkness caught them before they could gain high ground. Game was scarce, and all they had for supper were some parrots which the Professor had shot. They ate in silence, which Greg was the first to break.

"How much more of this have we got, Dad?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "I can't tell you exactly, probably 120 to 150 miles."

Greg groaned. "And we are doing only ten to fifteen miles a day! Dad, we shall never last out if we have to carry those wretched petrol cans. Isn't there any way of managing?"

"How do you mean, Greg?"

"Can't we get carriers of some sort? Aren't there Indians or—"

"There's Injins all right," came a voice, a sharp, high-pitched voice, which made them all start.

## CHAPTER 55

### The Night-Seers

GREG was the first to find his voice.

"Did—did somebody speak, or did I dream it?" he asked.

"I heard it too," said Jim.

"Of course you heard it," came the voice again. "Why shouldn't you?"

And out from behind a tree there stepped into the firelight the most amazing figure. It was a very tall, gaunt man, with a face that might once have been white but was now so burned with weather and so covered with hair that very little of it was visible except a pair of keen grey eyes and a beaky brown nose. His clothes consisted of the tattered remains of a pair of blue jean trousers and a cotton shirt. He had no boots or socks, no hat, and his hair was about a foot long.

"Who are you?" the Professor asked hoarsely.

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## CHICKS' OWN

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"Andrew Milliken's my name," replied the stranger. "I'm from Boston, Mass."

"You're a long way from home," said the Professor.

"I guess that's a fact," replied Milliken. "A sight farther than I want to be. You're British?"

"We are," answered the Professor. "But how do you come here?"

"By the air route, Mister. It's the only safe way of travelling in the night men's country. And so you'll find afore you're much older."

"I don't understand," said the Professor.

"That's plain, Mister, or you wouldn't have been here. Say, build up that fire of yours right away."

There was such a ring of command in his voice that Jim and Greg and Sam all jumped to obey. They had a good deal of wood cut, and as they piled it on the flames leaped up, flinging a weird glare through the forest.

"That's better," said Milliken.

"They don't like light, them Night-Seers. But they're after me right now, and afore I start talking you'd better get your guns handy."

"Sounds cheerful," growled Greg.

"No, sir," said Milliken, "there's nothing cheerful about this here job, or these here forests, or the folk as live in 'em."

"Tell us, Mr. Milliken," said the Professor.

"There ain't a lot to tell. I'm a rubber prospector, and my partner, Bert Warden, and I worked up the Xingu farther, I reckon, than anyone had been before. Then we got word of diamonds up in the hills, and I took two mestizos and came up prospecting. We got plumb lost in these woods, and walked right into the country of the Night-Seers without knowing anything about it. They came on us one night, killed my two chaps with spears, and took me prisoner. I've been with them three months so far as I can reckon. I was always looking for a chance to slip away, and yesterday I got it. These folk have noses like dogs and can track by scent, so I knew it was no good keeping on the ground. I went straight up into the trees, and, having been at sea for seven years as a lad, managed to work along from one tree to another till dark. Then I saw your fire, and I came like a cat that smells meat. Talking of meat, if you've got a mouthful I'd be grateful."

They gave him what they had, and while he ate the Professor asked questions. "Who are these people you call Night-Seers?"

"The nastiest folk as lives, even in Brazil, I reckon. They've got skins the colour of clay and blue eyes. They live in the darkest part of the forest in huts without windows. They never comes out in the daytime, for their eyes can't stand the sun, but do all their work and hunting by night."

"Why, they must be nyctalops," declared the Professor.

"What's that mean, Mister?"

"Night-Seers."

"Well, ain't that what I called them?" asked Mr. Milliken. "I guess there's no use in using foreign words when you can use good American."

The Professor smiled. "You are right, Mr. Milliken. But tell me, will our fire keep them off?"

"I guess not," replied the American bluntly, "but your guns may. They ain't used to firearms. All the same, you're going to have a right tough time if they come round here."

"You think they will come?"

"Bound to, Mister. I don't reckon we are more than three miles from their village, though the way I came it seemed like thirty."

Greg spoke. "If they can see us and we can't see them it's going to be a bit awkward," he remarked. "What do they use? Bows and arrows?"

"No," replied Milliken. "Working by night as they do, bows and arrows are no use to them. Spears are what they use. Watch out!" he cried suddenly, and as he spoke a long, thin spear hissed past his head and stuck quivering in the trunk of the tree behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Taffy's Birthday

THEY all knew it was Taffy's birthday. The three children loved their little dog very much, and they all decided that Taffy must have a present. The evening before they went to consult Mother.

"Of course he must have a present," she said. "Now, what shall it be? Suppose everybody goes off quite alone for five minutes to think. When you have made up your minds come back to me here."

So the three children, Clytie, Max, and Dot, ran up different paths in the garden to think quietly.

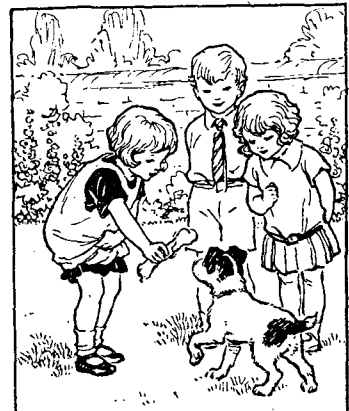
The first thing that Clytie noticed was that the remains of Taffy's dinner were lying on a broken china plate outside the kitchen door. She knew now what *she* thought Taffy ought to have.

Max ran up another way, and met Taffy himself. The little dog's collar looked as if it were getting small. Max knew then what Taffy wanted.

Lastly, Dot ran along a different way, and there on the path lay the very present! Dot knew at once what *she* meant to give him.

She ran off to the kitchen and had a long conversation with Cook, and when she came out again she was carrying something wrapped up in her overall, which she hid in the tool-shed.

"Taffy wants a nice enamel plate to have his food on, Mother," cried Clytie, when they all met again round Mother's knee; "to be kept quite separ-



Taffy enjoyed it most of all

ate from all the other plates. But I've only got sixpence!"

"Splendid! You can get one for that."

"He wants a new collar, but I've only got twopenny," said Max sadly.

"Splendid!" said Mother again. "I'll help you out with the money. Now, Dot!"

Then little Dot unscrewed her tightly-rolled green overall, and showed a most splendid mutton-bone.

"Will this do?" she asked. "Cook gave it to me. I have got no pennies, but here's the present. Cook said it ought to last him a week!"

How they all laughed! And Taffy, who liked all his presents, seemed to enjoy Dot's best of all.



# A Robin Redbreast in a Cage Puts All Heaven in a Rage

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Charade

WHEN boisterous winds assail the ear  
Those parents who confide  
My second to my first may fear  
Lest woes should them betide.  
To form my whole the circling year  
We four times must divide.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Polecat

The Polecat, which is found nearly all over Europe, is usually about 17 inches long, with a six-inch tail, and is covered with long, dark fur. It preys on poultry, game birds, hares, rabbits, lizards, snakes, and frogs, often killing far more than it needs for food. Fortunately its numbers in England have greatly diminished. Its chief characteristic is its evil smell.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE pied wagtail is seen. House pigeons are beginning to lay their eggs. The golden-crested wren is beginning to sing. The small smooth newt appears in ponds. Among the plants now coming into flower are the butcher's broom, field speedwell, and primrose. The elder trees are opening their leaves.



Looking South 6 p.m., February 8

### Our Biggest Oak

THE biggest oak tree now standing in Britain is stated to be the tree known as the Champion in the grounds at Powis Castle, Welshpool. It is 105 feet high, measures 24 feet round its trunk, and contains 2062 cubic feet of timber. It is a cross between the common oak and the durmast oak.

There is another oak at Powis Castle which is 31 feet round the trunk, but it is only 92 feet high and it is partly hollow. The holes have been filled with concrete to strengthen it.

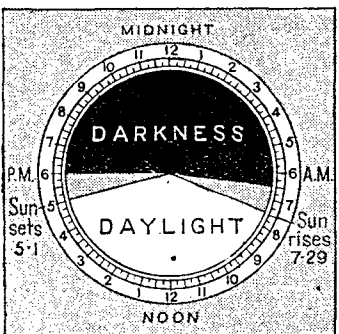
### Ici On Parle Français



Le marin La pomme Le bec de terre

Les marins sont habillés de bleu  
La pomme de terre est un aliment  
Il ne reste plus un bec de plume

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### Proverbs about Home

EAST or west, home is best.  
Every bird likes its own nest.  
Every dog is a lion at home.  
Men make houses, women make homes.  
Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.  
There is no place like home.

### A Queer Fact About Reading

DO you realise that in reading you never look at the bottoms of the words but only at the tops? The result is that if the lines are cut in two, and you see only the bottoms, you are unable to read the words. Here are two examples in different kinds of type:

*Glitter of the Sun*  
**Remedy**

Possibly by a long process, taking each letter singly, you can make out what the words are; but look at the tops of these same lines and you can read them at once:

*Glitter of the Sun*

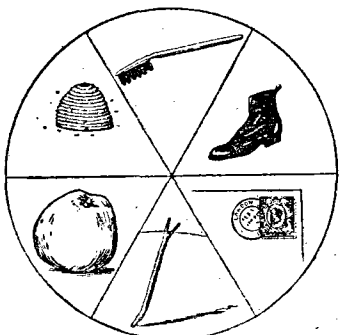
**Remedy**

This proves that in reading a paper or book we look at the tops of the words only.

### How Worsted Got its Name

WORSTED is a variety of wool with the fibres combed parallel and twisted hard in the spinning. The word is used also for a lightly twisted woollen yarn, like zephyr wool. It is named after Worsted, in Norfolk, where it was first manufactured.

### A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown in these pictures take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a big African animal.

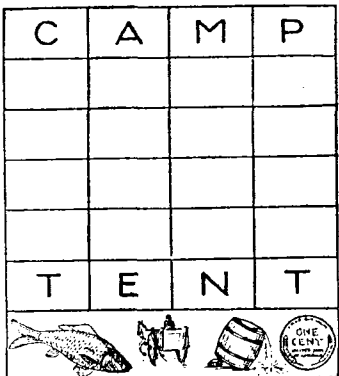
Answer next week

### Is Your Name Chapman?

A CHAPMAN was a merchant. Chap is from the same word as cheap, meaning trade. Our present word cheap was originally good-cheap, like the French bon marché. Lately the name was given to a man who carried his stock-in-trade from place to place, a pedlar.

### Changeling

Change the word Camp into Tent with only four intervening links, altering one



letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

## Jacko Has the Last Laugh

JACKO never bothered to read the morning paper. He was not interested in the news, and couldn't make out why people always wanted to read about what was going on. "I know it rained yesterday," he said. "I don't want to be told."

But one morning he caught sight of something that really interested him.

It was an advertisement, and it said that a foreign prince was staying in the country and wanted somebody to teach him the manners and customs. "State what salary required," ran the advertisement. "Money no object."

Jacko's eyes nearly darted out of his head. "There's something to be said for the papers after all!" he exclaimed. "I shouldn't wonder if that job won't suit me down to the ground."

But unfortunately Jacko wasn't the only person to think that the job would suit him down to the ground. Adolphus saw the



Adolphus did not dare to move

advertisement a few minutes later, and was quite certain that it was the very thing for him.

"Nobody could suit the Prince better than myself," he said.

When he heard that Jacko was thinking of answering the advertisement he went off into fits of laughter. "He! He! That's good!" he gasped. "I suppose Jacko thinks the Prince wants to learn how to climb trees and play marbles."

Jacko was very indignant. He said he could teach the Prince far more than Adolphus could; but in his heart of hearts he was a bit doubtful, and at last he tore up the letter he was writing.

"I suppose Adolphus will get the job," he said gloomily.

It really did seem as if Adolphus would get the job, for the very next day there was a knock at the door, and standing on the doorstep was a princely figure wearing a long, flowing garment and a turban.

Mrs. Jacko was very flurried. She dropped a deep curtsey as she showed the visitor into the parlour, and then ran to fetch Adolphus. "It's the Prince!" she gasped. "I declare it gave me quite a turn to find him on the doorstep."

Adolphus rushed into the parlour and bowed very low to the Prince. And when he heard that he had got the job he nearly danced for joy.

"Only I must teach you a little Court etiquette first," said the Prince. "Whenever I come into the room you must go down on your knees and bow your head to the ground."

Adolphus was down in a twinkling.

"That is good," said the Prince approvingly. "And now you must wait till I give you the signal to rise."

Adolphus felt very pleased with himself at being such a fine courtier. After a bit the floor got very hard, and all his bones began to ache. But he didn't dare to move till he had the signal.

And when the signal did come it wasn't quite what he had expected.

"Coo! You *do* look silly!" said the Prince, slipping out of his robe. As usual Jacko had got the best of it!

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in apple and also in pear,  
My second's in whisker and also in hair,  
My third is in rattle and also in tin,  
My fourth is in noisy and also in din,  
My fifth is in canter and also in race,  
My sixth is in muslin and also in lace,  
My seventh's in melted and also in fused,  
My whole will be anything handled or used.

Answer next week

### How Schumann Wrote His Name

ROBERT SCHUMANN, the great composer of songs and ballads, symphonies and pianoforte works, failed as musical director at Düsseldorf through absentmindedness. He died in an asylum.

His wife, who survived him for forty years, was a pianist and a celebrated teacher of music.

Schumann was born in 1810 and died in 1856. This is how he wrote his name:

*R. Schumann*

## DI MERRYMAN

### The Right Spirit

"WEREN'T you one of the boys who applied for this post a week ago?" asked the employer.

"Yes, sir."

"And didn't I say I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I am here now."

WHAT were the colours of the wind and waves in the last storm at sea?

The winds blew (blue) and the waves rose.

### No Life in It

THE children thoroughly enjoyed the great circus during their holiday. Next week, by way of a further treat, they were taken to the Natural History Museum. They came home rather depressed.

"Where have you been?" they were asked.

"We have been to a dead circus," was the doleful reply.

### A Lesson from an Expert

THE Parrot observed to the Hawk, "I am told you're not able to tawk, But your tutor I'll be— If you'll listen to me You can learn while we're taking a wawk."

### Too Strong for Him

THERE was a crash on the wayside platform. The stationmaster rushed out of his office and saw the express disappearing, and a young man sprawling among some milk cans. A small boy stood grinning.

"Was he trying to catch the train?" asked the stationmaster.

"He did catch it," said the boy with glee, "but it got away again."

### Mishap to Mr. T. Pot



THE wildest wind that ever blows Caught T. Pot out one day. It knocked him down and broke his nose, And tossed his cap away.

### The Ten-Mile Horse

A SIMPLE farmer had come into town to buy a horse.

"I have the very animal for you," said the dealer. "Five years old, perfectly sound, and goes ten miles without stopping."

"Then it's no good to me," said the farmer. "I live eight miles out in the country, and I don't want to walk two miles back after that horse has stopped."

### Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I am well dressed; behead, and I am a place where business is transacted; behead again, I have to do with pictures.

Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

A Charade  
Block-head  
A Riddle in Rhyme  
Eiffel tower  
Wood Turned into Metal. Deal, lead

I	N	D	E	P	E	N	D	E	N	T
M	O	R	A	I	S	E	O	H		
P	O	O	R	S	P	I	S	A		
E	S	K	S	T	V	D	E	N		
D	E	A	L	E	D	E	S	K		
E	P	A	N	D	O	R	A			
S	H	I	P	D						
E	P	U	F	F	S					
M	A	R	S							
E	V	E								
N	E	V	E	R						
G	E	N	E	T						



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

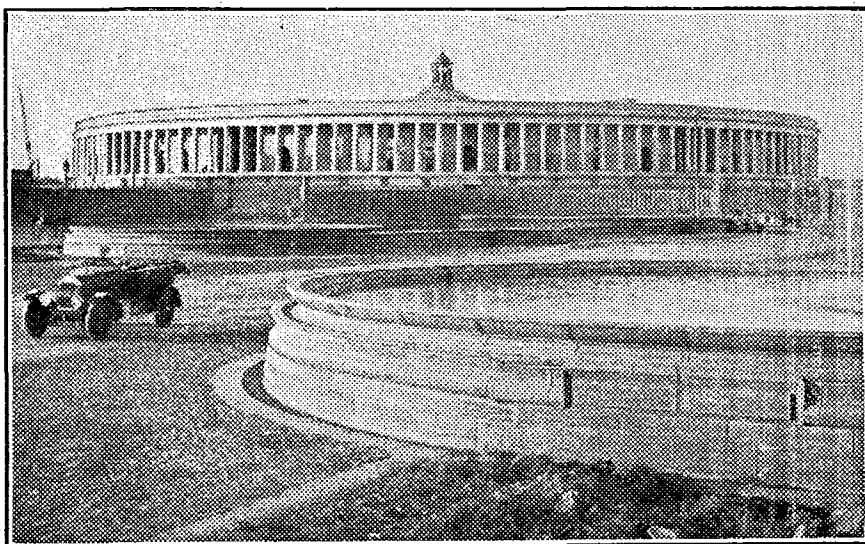
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 5, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

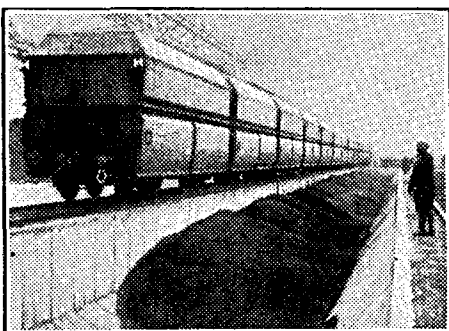
## INDIA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE • HUNGRY HORNBILL • DINOSAUR IN LONDON



**India's New Parliament House**—This great circular building is the Indian Parliament House which has been built at New Delhi. It was opened recently by the Viceroy. See page 4



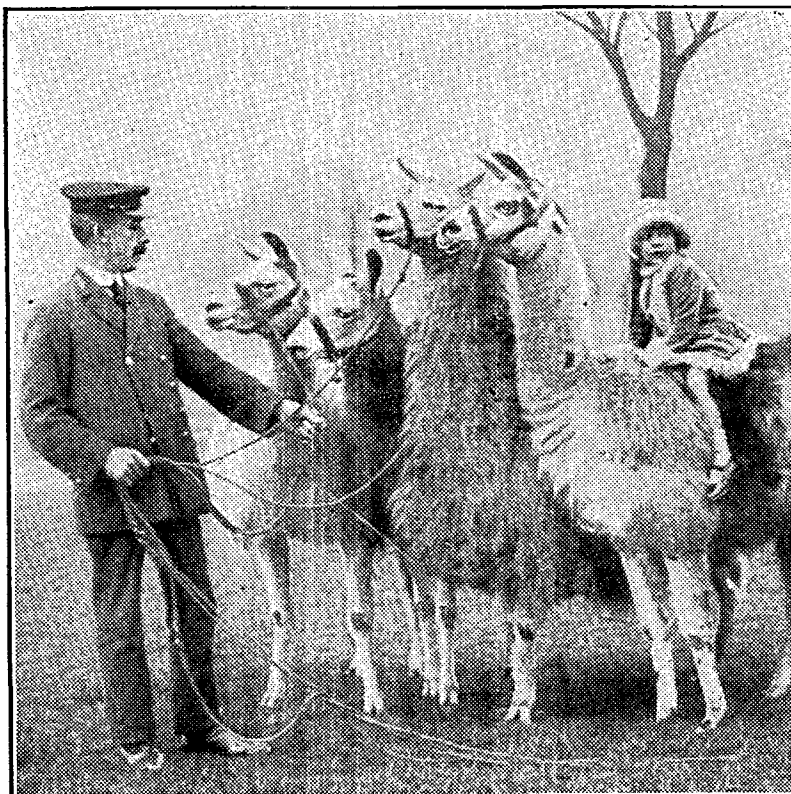
**Buying Water in Pails**—At Docking, in Norfolk, water from the village pump is delivered by means of a big tank on a cart, as shown here. A halfpenny is charged for three gallons



**New Goods Trucks**—These German railway wagons can be loaded automatically, and each wagon will carry 60 tons, or three times more than the weight carried by an ordinary wagon



**Furniture from a Battleship**—The battleship Lion, which fought at Jutland, has been broken up, and this picture from Blythe, in Northumberland, shows furniture being made from her timber



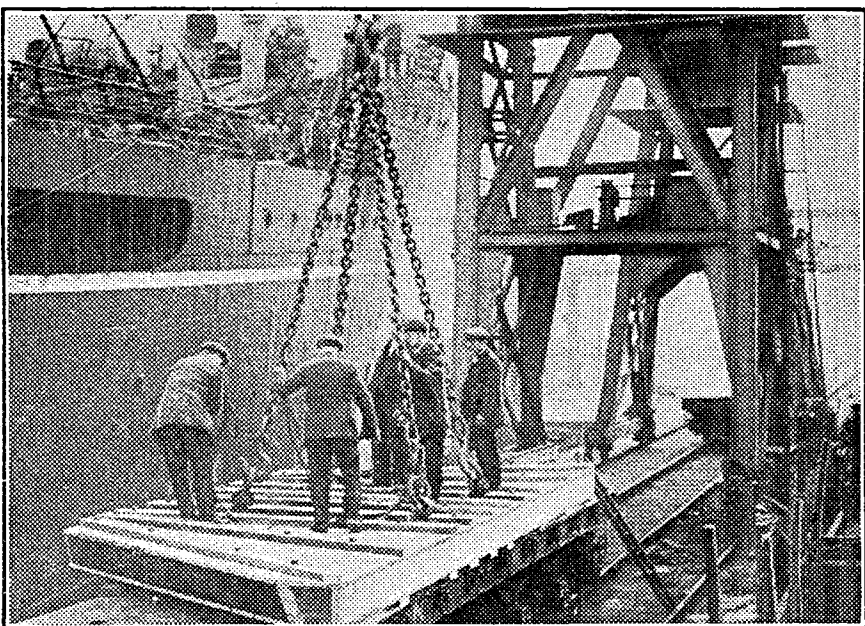
**An Exciting Ride at the Zoo**—During the summer the llamas at the London Zoo are kept healthy by pulling traps in which children ride, but in winter they are exercised by a keeper. While four of them were walking round the grounds the other day this little girl was able to enjoy a ride. In South America the llama is a beast of burden



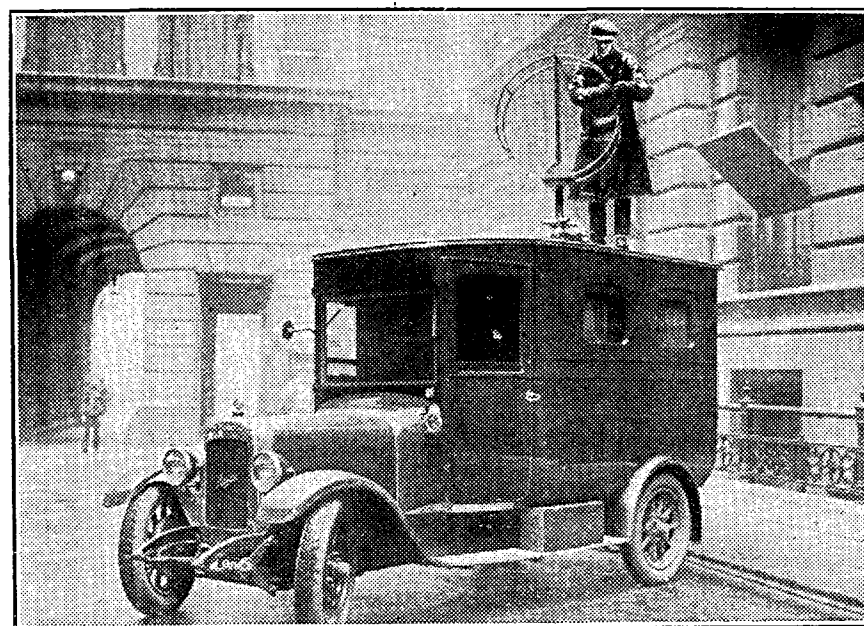
**A Hornbill's Big Dinner**—One of the hornbills at the London Zoo is here seen having a good meal. He finds his huge beak very useful when helping himself from a pail of bananas and other fruit



**Dinosaur Comes to London**—The bones of an enormous dinosaur found in Central Africa are being assembled at the Natural History Museum. It is 50 feet long and 30 feet high. See page 1



**Lifting Sixty Tons**—Two steel plates for the Sydney Harbour Bridge, each weighing 60 tons, have been forged at Darlington, and here we see one of them being shipped at Middlesbrough



**Stopping a Wireless Nuisance**—In order to trace listeners whose sets oscillate and interfere with broadcasting the Post Office has equipped this motor-van with a direction-finder

## A GREAT MYSTERY OF THE WILD WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

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